

WAKING 'EM UP.—The numerous

newspaper articles in regard to Grove

Kennedy and the negligent officials

have had their effect in waking up the

Commonwealth's Attorney, who moved

the Court in session at Lancaster

last week to issue rules against the

Sheriffs of Lincoln and Garrard, to

show cause why they should not be

fined for permitting Mr. Kennedy to

go at large, when they had bench

warrants against him in their pock-

ets. The rule so far as Mr. Feland

was concerned, was issued and sent to

the Jailor of this county for execu-

tion. But when Mr. Feland appeared

to answer the rule on Saturday last, he

swore, as did his deputy, that no war-

rant had ever been received by him,

and it finally turned out, if ever issued

at all, that the Clerk had failed to

send it because it would cost three

cents, which tremendous expense he

was unwilling to incur. Now this is a

pretty state of affairs, a man charged

with murder is permitted to go at

large and disport himself at Crab Or-

chard with as little apparent concern

as the most innocent pleasure-seeker,

and no warrant is sent out because

the Circuit Clerk of Garrard becomes

suddenly tired of paying postage.

There is a good deal of rottenness con-

nected with this case which we intend

to show up before it is through with.

The Sheriffs of Garrard and Lincoln

counties are without excuse for their negli-

gence in the case of Grove Kennedy, and

should be promptly displaced from office.

Two bench warrants were issued to these

officers by special Judge Wickliffe for the

arrest of the fugitive from justice, but the

warrants have not been executed, notwith-

standing the fact that Kennedy has been

known to be within only a few miles of the

officers themselves. They should be taught

a lesson that they will not soon forget.

Their conduct has been absolutely disgra-

cious.—(Louisville Evening News.)

Willing always to give even the

devil his due, we are prepared to say

upon the sworn statements of Sheriff

Feland and his deputy that no bench

warrant for the arrest of Grove Ken-

nedy had ever reached their hands

until they appeared at Lancaster last

Saturday in answer to the rule against

them. Perhaps it would have been

all the same if they had, but we will

not judge them harshly. We under-

stand that the Sheriff of Garrard had

a warrant, however, but why he has

made no attempt to serve it, is per-

haps best known to himself. A man

serving in the humble capacity of a

journalist has no right to inquire into

the acts and shortcomings of officers.

He might make some body mad.

HUNG BY A MON.—Since the con-

fession of Shuck, who was hanged for

the murder of his father-in-law, times

have been exceedingly hot for his com-

panions in crime in Henry county.

King Jim Simmons, the leader of the

band that has been such a terror to

that part of the State, was arrested on

Shuck's confession, which implicated

him, as were, also, Robert, Samuel,

and Joseph Goodrich, and Dave Car-

ter. The latter turned State's evi-

dence, and corroborated the statements

of Shuck. The four men named above

had their preliminary trials, and were

sent to jail without bail. But the in-

furiated citizens, tearing that justice

would take its usual tardy course, and

perhaps finally end, after all the wit-

nesses are dead, in an acquittal, took

Jim Simmons and the Goodriches from

jail and ornamented a neighboring

bridge with their foul carcasses. The

murders that have been committed by

these men are surprising, both in num-

ber and atrocity, and the verdict of the

public will be in favor of the mob that

meted out vengeance to them.

A FIRE broke out in a Piano Factory

in New York, on Monday, which

spread in the surrounding buildings

and soon the whole block was wrap-

ped in flames. It is said that over 100

persons perished and that 350 fami-

lies are rendered homeless. The loss

is estimated in the millions.

EMMETT LOGAN, an envoy extra-

ordinary, went to Jim Simmons' do-

main to write up the many murders

and crimes that have been committed

there, and in Monday's Courier-Jour-

nal furnishes an interesting account of

what he saw and learned.

The Courier-Journal has a sensation-

al article, claiming that the successful

Turkish General, Osman Pasha, is no

other than Clay Crawford, a former

Tennessean.

Wm. SHANNON, of Barren county,

aged 82, has just married a widow

lady of 81 years. As long as there's

life there's hope.

Miss ADA WIZARD was caught by

a train while crossing a railroad bridge

near New Albany, and crushed to

death.

Fifty-two fire insurance companies

were damaged or retired from business

during the first six months of 1877.

The Newport Local is just a year

old, but it's the smartest yearling we

ever saw.

The tide of battle has turned. The

Russians are now generally victorious.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

Lancaster, September 5th, 1877.

A quietus settles upon the public portion

of our city since the dissolution of the

recent legal tribunal. Among the cases dis-

posed of was the long-pending suit of

Henry S. Burman, (now dead,) vs. Harrison

Burman, in which certain tracts of land

came in for disputed possession. The

court decided that the home tract and some

adjacent tracts were partnership lands,

and that the tract individually claimed by

Harrison Burman was legally his own. But

inasmuch as partnership monies had been

expended upon said tract, it was adjudged

equitable to withhold the rents and award

only the land. This was finally discharged

a case of Jarrovec annoyance if not of Jar-

rovec dimensions.

The moonlight Fete Chantree given by

the young ladies of the town last Wed-

nesday eve, was elegant in all of its ap-

pointments and complete in every respect,

except the moonlight. The commodious law-

ns known as the Barracks Grounds, was se-

cured, and the necessary preparations for

a social evening went on, amid much plea-

sure and friendly toil. About 5 o'clock the

gods and goddesses of husbandry met in

solemn council, and decided that it would

be better to sacrifice the moon in the moon

than to lose all of the season's supply of

parched vegetation. So calling in the ser-

vices of Jove and his emissaries, sundry

thunderbolts were hurled, angry flashes an-

swered the charge, and a furious fit of

tears from the tumultuous clouds dashed

down the air, absorbing the torturing hay-

fever pollen and deluging the earth ane-

st that all thoughts of romance gave place to

utilitarian ideas. In this dilemma the

romance building were put in readiness,

and a handsome table was streched

with attractive food, and gave forth fruits,

flowers, confections and loaves. In fact,

we should remark that it grained with

vandy, if we had not a suspicion that the

evening had been said before, and plagiar-

ism is in bad taste. Some went and some

remained at home, but a most select and

fascinating company were assembled at the

appointed hour, and all was conducted

decently and in order, after the manner

of Biblical command. The party was mat-

rimonized by a number of married ladies,

and much praise is due to the managers.

A magnificent pyramid of flowers was

made by Mrs. Thos. Reid for the central

ornament of the tables.

On Monday the schools opened. The

report as thus far gathered in is as follows:

The Lancaster Male Academy, fifty pupils;

Franklin Institute, seventy-seven, with

a number of other names sent in for

next week's enrolment.

Gen. Gano is still preaching at Fairview;

with what success we have not learned.

The meeting at Paint Lick closed with

about thirty additions, among whom were

several elderly gentlemen of prominence.

The tribute thus paid to Dr. McKee's elo-

quence and piety requires no comment.

At the Presbyterian Church in Lancaster,

on Sunday last, at the occasion of

communion service, the ordinance of

baptism was administered to Mrs. Walker

Landrum and her infant son, Clyde. The

Thursday afternoon when the members

of the Christian Church were assembled for

the usual prayer meeting, a loving pair—

Mr. Rice Burnside and Miss Flora Hughes,

unexpectedly presented themselves for

marriage, and Dr. A. Adams proceeded

to tie the knot in due form.

Among the casualties of the week are

one or two worthy of notice for the sake

of the warning they convey. Master Willie

Cooke severed his foot almost in two by

stepping on a scythe. Master Robert West

ground the first two fingers of his right

hand in a cider mill, injuring them so that

amputation was necessary.

Mr. Robert Beasley's physicians pro-

nounce his case hopeless and are in daily

expectation of his decease. Forty days

ago he was thrown from a wheat thresh-

er, suffering a compound fracture of the

ank

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 7, 1877.

Fifteen Years in Prison.

Here is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian Nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood's life in prison:

"Fifteen years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noisome place; not more than ten feet square," he writes. "During six years I had a companion—during nine years I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the gloominess of my cell. The first year, when we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—told of our joys and sorrows—over and over again. The next year we refrained from relating experience, and gave to each other our thoughts upon all sorts of subjects.

During the third year we grew silent. We were losing the power of reflection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke but seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it. During the fifth we were mostly silent. There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful.

During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out, whether to death or to liberty—I knew not. I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacant face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom, always in the self-same place—always an index of woe and suffering—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year, I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow.

One day, more than a year after my companion had been taken away, I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened, and a voice said to me: "By order of his Imperial Majesty I inform you, Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since." Then the door was shut. This great agony had been cast in upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life was behind me. Heaven grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for my liberty.

Yes, there is a depth of misery that wants no company, and many are the men who have found and suffered it.

Short Skirts, Short Waists, and Pinks Bonnets Decried from Paris.

How will you like yourself dressed in the style of the empire, a la Josephine? Short skirts short waists, large poke bonnets, and big bags on your arms? Do you think it will be becoming to your style of beauty? I trust that in assuming this empire dress—if it is to be—we shall not be entirely deprived of our influence, as the women of history that the women of the empire were as remarkable for their degradation of influence as were the women of the revolution—for its enjoyment and exercise. But, candidly, it is said here that Fauberg St. Germain have decided to adopt it, and when the French Sinai issues its decrees America will be the first to hear the reverberation. [Extract from a Paris Letter of July 31st.]

A French story: A sergeant of the one hundred and tenth meets a peasant woman on the road. She—"What regiment do you belong to?" He—"The one hundred and tenth." She—"How lucky! My son is in the one hundred and tenth, right next to you. Will you take him this ham?" He—"With pleasure." (Takes it.) She—"Well, wasn't I lucky!" (Eats) and she goes. They have the ham at the sergeant's mess of the one hundred and tenth for dinner next day.)

Beautiful women have ever been reputed a staple product of Kentucky, and from what I have seen here the rising generation promises to do no discredit to their fair ancestors. The prevailing type is tall, graceful, and engaging, excellent walkers and accomplished riders, complexion usually very fair, sunlit brown hair, blue and hazel eyes, good teeth, and small hands, with a slight air of haughty thrown as a veil over the whole bearing. [St. Louis Times.]

To PURIFY THE COMPLEXION.—Eat an orange or two every morning before breakfast, drink plenty of lemonade, not sweetened, never drink tea, coffee, nor any kind of stimulant; do not use soap on the face or neck; take a sponge bath every morning—either cold or tepid—in water made soft with powdered borax, teaspoonful in a basin of water.

According to Pliny, the crow attains to 720 years, the raven 240, and the swan 200; all of which is doubtful. Parrots, however, have been known to reach 100, herons 52, storks more than 40, and gold-fishes and nightingales, even when confined in cages, 24 years. Birds undoubtedly live much longer than mammals.

Three are a mob according to law. This is what a young fellow thinks when he and another chap are courted by the same girl. [N. Y. Herald.]

What Country Papers Do.

An exchange comports with considerable vigor the argument that the city papers, are cheaper and better than county papers, because they give more columns of reading matter for the money. Do the city papers, it asks, ever give you anything in regard to your county? Nothing. Do they contain notices of your schools, church-meetings, improvements, and hundreds of other local matters of interest, which your paper publishes without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw your attention to your county and its numerous thriving towns and villages in their progress and enterprise? Not a word. And yet there are men with such contracted views of the matter, that unless they are getting no money square inches of reading matter in their own as they do in a city paper, they think they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the person who took the largest pair of boots in the box, simply because they cost the same as a pair much smaller that fitted him.

A St. Louis paper tells a story of a disconsolate widow who, on seeing the remains of her late husband in the grave, exclaimed, with tears in her eyes: "Well, I've lost gloves; I've lost umbrellas—yes, even cows and horses; but I never—no, never, had any thing to cut me like this."

DR. C. M. LANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on the nose or cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid, the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip, occasional headache, with vomiting or throbbing of the ears; no unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a growing sensation of the stomach at other's entire loss; frequent pain in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; difficult respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by lucid cough; sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable &c. Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. M. LANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure. IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. C. M. LANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. M. LANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. M. LANE'S

LIVER PILLS.

These Pills are not recommended as a remedy for all the ill that flesh is heir to; but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

REMARKS ON ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. M. LANE and FLEMING BROS. Sold by all respectable druggists and country storekeepers generally.

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all

scrofulous diseases. Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin. Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Measles, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilis and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandarilla, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skillfully combined, that the full alternative effect of each is secured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease. The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the evidence of prominent physicians all over the country republish in its praise their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alternative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sole and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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400 ACRES OF LAND.

Heavily timbered, with a large quantity of fine

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on the C. & O. R. R. in Pulaski county, Ky., 12

miles north of Somerset, are offered at private sale.

There will be a deposit located at or near the property.

Also 80 acres of cleared land, good soil, with

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I offer at private sale 70 Acres of good Land, well

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Near Walnut Flats, on the River, 8 miles from

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I desire to sell my Farm, known as Mount Alto,

on the Crab Orchard Pike, about 12